

you take away the grey

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you take away the grey

by [quartzfia](#)

Summary

“George have you seen my-”

Dream had creaked the door open and stepped in, cutting himself off at the sight in front of him as his cheeks flushed overtop the deep freckles dotting his skin.

The red and pink fear dousing George’s body before had increased tenfold, hands instantly moving to take off the piece of fabric as something he couldn’t place pooled in the back of his mind.

Or, Dream is visiting and gets snowed in with George, and it takes a hoodie, a breakdown, and a lot of jealousy for them to get their act together.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

It was far too late in the night for George when Dream groggily sent screenshots of a plane ticket confirmation email, so late that it never truly did sink in until the tall blonde was sheepishly standing in front of him.

The idea of finally being able to reach out and hug his best friend had always seemed like a distant fantasy, to hear the soft rumbles of his voice echo off his own walls rather than through a clunky headset, and actually get to *see* the blonde each day. It was truly the thing he wanted most, but never grasped as a true reality, now resting in the palms of his hands.

He'd forever remember the sturdy arms around his body, head tucked against the taller's chest in the busy airport, tendrils of warmth curling around him in a soft dance, and the light sway they had fallen into after being connected for longer than they had intended. The summer sun that made up Dream had finally cleared away England's dull grey sky, bringing a new joy and hope to the place he had called home.

Dream was deep heat, burning skin with his rays, only to become so addicting it would never matter, the saturated auburn at the end of a long, hot, day taking over what was a pale blue sky. Sun-kissed freckles and tan skin were what made up the golden boy, picnics under large trees and aimless walks across beaches' shorelines, uncaring of the world ahead or behind.

That was what made the prospect of Dream leaving far harder than he'd ever thought it'd be.

It made him realize it was still very much winter in England, cold and bitter temperatures causing their breath to make air fog, a stark contrast to the summer heat George had become accustomed to being lost in over the past two weeks.

Despite the coy remarks and snorts, the brunet cared deeply about the boy, about his sun. It was an interesting dynamic to say the least, and one that had tested him multiple times, the thumping of his heart underneath skin and bone or the yearning to just sit that much closer on the couch together had always thrown George for a bit of a loop.

He didn't care to dwell on it, as all it would do would be further the headache he already had.

Their friendship had been special practically since they first met. It was different, a soft uniqueness to it with enough of a sour edge to pull each other in further and further. They both had been fascinated with the other since first meeting, leading to inspection of small and insignificant details (they each would argue they were very important to them) about the other and the magnetic pull that always anchored in the pair. Obviously, this infatuated state lent itself to the tension that neither knew exactly when or how it started, coy and flirty quips, mock arguments and bickering, or sickly sweet words that seem to hold something more than the deep syrup they let out.

George had always thought Dream was special. An incredibly special and kindhearted best friend, who he cared about far more than he'd ever let on. Words had always been complicated and hard to use, so he opted for more subtle gestures of his appreciation and affection.

Although, standing in his dimly lit kitchen at just past two in the morning standing in silence a few feet from the other, both knowing what sleeping would mean for time, it was hard to blame it fully on deep friendship.

George's arms were crossed with no malice, tired eyes meeting as he looked up at the giant in front of him. Another thing about meeting Dream was not only seeing the blonde in all his beauty and grace without phone blurs, but also *finally* seeing how tall he was.

Needless to say, Sapnap's comments did not do him justice. He was far taller than he had expected. The brunet pushed the thoughts away and tried to give the somber eyes in front of him a fleeting chance at staying strong.

"So, tomorrow you-

“-Yeah.”

There was a beat of silence, neither of the pair fully knowing what to say, or how to find the words. George couldn't evade the helpless feeling at the knowledge his best friend would be leaving his grasp for who knows how long come morning.

“You gonna miss seeing me all the time?”

The dopey smirk on the taller's face never ceased to make him laugh, an eye roll and snort coming from himself in response.

“No, I for one am glad you're getting out of my house.”

“Aw, you wound me George. I know I'm gonna miss seeing you around,”

A burst of warmth bloomed through his arms and up to his cheeks. He'd blame it on the cold air pushing through his flat.

“I'm sure you are, I'm quite a sight to see,” George remarked back, eyes following the movement of Dream's hand leaning to rest on the edge of the counter next to him, still staring down with rapt attention.

“You sure are.”

The same warmth from the airport that had flown around them took its time to swirl then, air much softer and full of a drive towards one another. George ignored his painfully pink cheeks as he took a few steps forward, having to fully tilt his head up at the boy, neck straining to do so. The smirk plastered on the blonde's face combined with his craning neck produced his eye roll, lips pursing as he willed his red cheeks away (embarrassment, of course) and let his head fall against Dream's chest.

A soft melody of rumbles sang through George's ears as he felt sliding arms curl around just above his waist.

The world had already grown bleary as the fatigue of the past fourteen days or laughs, smiling too hard it was actually painful, haphazard cooking, and overall dumb decisions that would only cement as memories, seemed to crash on him at once. The soft rhythm of Dream's breath kept him steady as he desperately let his hands bunch up into the shirt on the blonde's chest.

George would hold onto him as long as he could, until the exact moment he had to. To anyone else, it would've seemed uncomfortable to be positioned how he was, legs locked, hands straining and head against a hard and vertical pillow.

But it was Dream, and that made all the difference to George.

As a haze of fluttering stomachs and red hot fire beneath his veins faded across him, his eyes drooped with heavy ache, eventually tiring into a continuous shut, the last thing falling across his ears being soft hums and the steady beat of the drum behind Dream's chest.

The terribly sad sequence they had imagined of hugging goodbye one last time as Dream walked

away, leaving to have an ocean of separation once again was not quite what happened when the pair woke up.

They were sitting on George's couch staring at the news in front of them reporting on the blizzard that had effectively shut down the city, keeping up with each word with total attention. It had started when Dream received an email early that morning that his returning flight to Orlando had been cancelled due to extreme weather conditions, and they were unsure as to when he could reschedule. With the new added layer of Dream staying in England for an unknown amount of time, George grew increasingly embarrassed at his behavior the night before, the sweet touches and sappy words all made him cringe.

"Well," Dream started, arm resting over the back of the couch. George forced his gaze away from the size of the blonde's hand, fabric being gripped just underneath. "I guess you're stuck with me, yeah?"

George scoffed, soft smile creeping up through his face.

"You do realize there's like nothing we can even do, idiot, we're literally stuck inside."

Dream let out a low grumble of a laugh and leaned forward on the couch, that much closer to the brunet who was suppressing the heat in his face.

"That's perfect to me if it means I get to see your face twenty-four seven."

The brunet pushed on the taller's chest, letting himself bounce backwards in a heap of laughs. He was about to retort before he felt a drag on his arm as he fell forward, hands flying to grasp onto whatever was in front of him. 'Whatever' happened to be the black shirt clinging to the blonde's chest as the same wheezes of laughter flooded into his ear at a much louder volume. George's chest clenched at the close proximity, his mind falling blank when he realized fully just how *close* they were, large hands pressing onto the small of his back, almost covering it wholly. The thought alone made his head spin in intrigue, before the tension in his chest outweighed any conflicting emotion could flow through his mind. Vaguely he registered the blonde's smell, a mix of old cologne and warmth.

"You're so stupid," He muttered, pushing off of him to try and rid himself of the squeezing against his upper body, ache still lingering despite it.

"You love me, that makes you just as stupid."

With another shake of his head and roll of his eyes, George stood up, looking down at Dream, who was still unabashedly lazing back, sprawled against the arm rest with a smug plastered on his freckled face.

George's chest tightened again as he tore his eyes away to look away from his best friend.

"Sure, tell yourself that, Dream."

It was projected for flights to start in a week, meaning that the bag of laundry Dream had intended on taking home to wash did in fact need to get done while he was there.

George was lazily walking, laundry basket in hand after separating his and the blonde's clothes, bringing it back into his room. He nudged the door open with his foot, letting the basket bounce ever so slightly as he placed it onto the bed.

He rubbed his eyes, still very tired from the restless night before, and wanted to curl up under his sheets and sleep for at least another few hours, perhaps try and drain more of the hopelessly sappy and sticky feelings from the night prior.

The beating against his chest had begun to grow louder, what used to be a soft wind picking up into a strong push against his muscles, and the hushed words in his dimly lit kitchen during what he thought would be his last moments with what half the internet believed to be his other half had been replaying in his head, chords of a distant song plunking against his ears while the same beat played in his heart.

George shook away his tired thoughts, the cold air finally hitting him and sending small chills up and down his arms. The thin shirt he was wearing wasn't doing much to keep him warm. He mindlessly grabbed the first hoodie from the top of the basket, slipping on the big material before stopping dead in his tracks.

The heavy scent of musk and pine immediately engulfed his nose, lightheadedness taking over his body at the sheer potency of it. Turning towards his mirror, his suspicions were very clearly confirmed as his eyes bore into his torso where the black fabric hung.

The material was swallowing him whole, very clearly two sizes too big for him as it was, two white stitched X's and a curve of a smile line lay unabashedly against his chest, the same pattern he'd grown used to being at eyeline with frequently over the past two weeks.

George swallowed thickly, but couldn't take his eyes off of himself. The sleeves fell over his hands, covering those, too, and the end falling past his hips.

Jesus Christ, Dream is huge.

The brunet would be a massive liar if he were to claim that he hadn't thought about the height differences between the pair. With Dream abusing it every chance he got (placing things on high shelves *just* so George would inevitably cave and ask for help after struggling, or ruffling brunet tufts of hair whenever he pleased), it was a hard thing to do, despite how hard he was trying.

It was sort of weird to George, being petite for as long as he could remember was what he blamed on the fractionation of their size differences. The way Dream's hands were just proportionally so much *bigger*, or how large clothes would snugly fit against the blonde's frame while mediums dwarfed his own, it all was interesting to the brunet.

Not that he'd admit it outloud. It wasn't *weird*, but he just didn't know how to phrase it in the right way.

Taking another deep inhale, he took in more of Dream's smell clinging onto the warm fabric.

It was something he immediately took notice of when they had first hugged, with his face buried against the taller's chest he couldn't quite ignore the energy exuding from the taller's existence.

The only definition George could find for it was warmth. Warm summer nights where the sun is just fading over the horizon, warm blankets and hot mugs of creamy drinks while snow raged on outside, warm comfort after tears have stained each part of someone's face only to be wiped away with a soft delicacy, warm *love* -

Warmth in every form was the only way to describe Dream and how he smelled.

Pine trees mixed in there, too, what George had assumed to be the remnants of whatever cologne he used. It was still Dream, so he didn't truly mind.

The brunet came back from his wandering mind to finally see himself clearly in the mirror, no more blurry clouds of whatever had been plaguing his mind for who knows how long, just him.

This is stupid .

Mortification flooded through his system as the strings of thoughts came back to him, sweet words now soured with a deep expiration, the taste rotten against his tongue. Stinging fell over all of him, like he was covered in bees and could ever escape less he remove the one thing he wanted to hold for forever and-

"George have you seen my-"

Dream had creaked the door open and stepped in, cutting himself off at the sight in front of him as his cheeks flushed overtop the deep freckles dotting his skin.

The red and pink fear dousing George's body before had increased tenfold, hands instantly moving to take off the piece of fabric as something he couldn't place pooled in the back of his mind.

"I- I made a mistake, I must've put it with mine and I didn't really notice until I looked at myself," George started, mind running miles faster than it normally would've as he moved his arms to cross over the bottom of the hoodie.

"Here, I-I can give it to you now and-"

"*No!*"

The brunet halted his actions, the clothing piece just above his hips as he glanced up. It was Dream's turn to explain himself.

"I mean, it's fine! Really, you can keep it."

George let his teeth mindlessly tug on his bottom lip as his eye contact shifted from the tall blonde to himself in the mirror. He let the fabric fall to where it was before crossing his arms and trying to find the right words.

"Thanks, Dream."

Despite the red staining his cheeks, the blonde let his hands fall in his sweatpant pockets, coy smirk tugging at his lips as he cocked his head, shamelessly eyeing the shorter up and down.

"Besides, it looks better on you, anyways."

He let his eyebrows lift just that much as he spoke before turning to leave the room, smirk falling into what could only be classified as a dopey smile.

The sweet feeling of butterflies molded into a deep and vile shudder, wracking his entire body.

The intensity at the feelings swirling in his stomach made him want to throw up, rid himself of the evil poison lining his gut and drenching his tender syrup with acid.

Dream had been out to his friends for quite a while, a year or two at least, and their fans for a little

less than half that time. Of course, the responses then had been full of nothing but total love and support, everyone simply happy that the blonde was comfortable enough to talk about both his experiences in figuring out his bisexuality and the fact itself.

George remembered the day with stark clarity, and it was one that filled him with guilt and shame each time he thought about it. Despite the overwhelming desire to leap in and let his best friend know how happy he was that he had been able to tell him (and Sapnap, who was also in the call) something so personal to him, the knot in his throat had prevented anything other than acid reflux from coming through his throat. A curling in the bottom of his stomach had made its way into his bones as the blonde bled into talking about guys he had always had to suppress his opinions on.

Waves of remorse and anger towards himself had crashed on him throughout the rest of the day and night, turning over and over in his bed trying to figure out why he had felt so nauseous. He'd grown up with gay friends, almost all of which who had boyfriends and would talk about types and men consistently, something that hadn't ever really bothered him. Why then?

The feeling had continued to haunt the brunet, more specifically whenever Dream seemed to bring up his interest in dating and other people. It made the brunet sick.

Yet he couldn't explain *why*. Why in moments of soft calls when the blonde would talk of soulmates and stars he would let his insides melt like cotton candy, while passing comments of attractive men in shows or online would send him into a state of shock and panic, far beyond what he could acknowledge.

Dream certainly never made George uncomfortable. Casual flirty remarks, physical touch, and other forms of affection had and always would just be *Dream*. He never felt any fear or guilt around that, as he knew himself well enough to know he was *certainly* not attracted to anyone but women, and Dream being different than that never phased him.

Perhaps it was the way Dream was so open about everything, both his friends and the internet being able to read all his pages with no fear of the deep or ugly sentences written within them, in a way that George just wasn't.

Whatever the feelings brewing in his gut were, he wanted them gone more than anything else he could wish for. He wanted the inner turmoil of his best friend getting into relationships to fall away so he could simply *enjoy* their time together.

It wasn't even the comments Dream had made to George; It was the prospect that he would say that seriously to other people. That in other situations, that would be conversation between two partners, so enwrapped in each other they'd never dream of letting go.

George did *not* like men, and he certainly didn't like *Dream*, so why the hell was he worrying about this?

Shaking his head, he let himself collapse against his sheets, eyes falling shut faster than he had intended as dreariness crashed over him. The fabric pulled up and fell further towards his face.

His last thoughts were of tall forest trees and snow hitting a frostbitten window before he fell asleep in an ocean of soft warmth.

The afternoon and evening melted away, and after George's nap Dream had insisted they watch shitty Hallmark movies on the couch with popcorn to celebrate their extra days together. Quickly the pair realized this was one of those odd habits they both shared, having more than a little fun snorting at the obnoxiously cheesy lines and yelling at the screen as characters were completely oblivious to the miscommunication right in front of their eyes.

"Oh come on, he practically has heart eyes when he looks at her, how can they be this *stupid*?" Dream remarked between handfuls of microwave popcorn that was placed between them. George rolled his eyes too, the tension clear between the two characters and the shy acting to tie it into a bow. He started to fiddle with the sleeves of his- *Dream's* sweatshirt he was wearing, black fabric having not moved from his body since he put it on earlier in the day.

George didn't think he'd ever be over how *huge* the clothing piece was, drowning him in a sea of dark fabric he never wanted to swim out of, a pool on a warm summer's day that he'd never want to come back to the surface of, choosing to let his body float in the cool abyss surrounding him wholly.

Dream seemed to notice this shift in focus, the brunet's eyes focused deeply on the edges of the hoodie, as George could feel the piercing eyes running over his body, scoping over every part of him.

"How the hell are you so small?"

The shorter jumped at that, not expecting the blonde's voice to come to life any time soon. He thought for a minute struggling to figure out what to say or how he could say it, although no words came to mind, so he settled on a scoff.

"Maybe you're just big, that's a *you* issue."

Dream smirked and something hot ran through his system as the taller shifted closer to him, peering down at the boy like he was something to inspect. George couldn't help but study the pupil of the blonde's eye, dark and full of something he couldn't place deep seeded within.

"Nah, I think you're small. Lots of people wear men's large hoodies regularly, you're the one it looks like a blanket on."

George grumbled at that, no meaningful responses coming to his head aside from a slew of insults and names that he knew held no leverage over the boy. He opted to shake his head and cross his arms, not daring to stare a minute longer at how much *bigger* Dream looked in practically every aspect. His broad chest, long legs that gave him much more height than the brunet deemed as fair, sturdy arms and wide hands that looked like they could cover-

No, George was *not* going to think about that.

They fell into another silence, and if there was tension in the air, George chose to ignore it, honing in on the features of the lively blonde girl dressed in beautiful clothing under a deep navy sky, only lit by street lamps and the dots of stars. A tall black haired man, blue eyes alight with the signature tacky Hallmark in-love look and lips upturned into a smirk, stood at her side, winding down the concrete with their only other company being the moon.

The shot changed and moved to show their hands brushing together, soft mutters of hesitancy being shown when they had panned up, only for the man to lace their fingers together fully with few

words being exchanged, albeit a little awkwardly. Dream hummed before rolling his eyes.

“That’s *not* how you hold hands with someone, a company about love should know these kind of things.”

George let his cheeks pull a small smile before letting out a huff of a laugh.

“Oh? Suddenly you’re the hand-holding expert, huh?”

Dream smirked, tilting his head towards George as he continued.

“I’ve held plenty of hands George, only received positive feedback, too.”

The comment made the brunet snort, and out of the corner of his eye he had noticed the blonde’s teeth just come into view as he laughed along with.

“Well then, what’s the right way Mr. Hand-Holder?” George asked, genuinely curious as the what idiotic thing the blonde would say. Whatever it was he knew, it would be entertaining to watch Dream make a fool of himself.

The blonde faltered for a second, eyes falling into the brunet’s lap as he raised a brow, before it washed away and the confident Dream demeanor reappeared.

“Well first you let your hands brush,” He started, large tan hand moving the slide in the space between them and-

Suddenly, the entertainment aspect was no longer there.

As soon as he felt their hands brush he felt blood rush to his cheeks and his heart start stammering against the mindful part of his brain.

“Then, you put your palms together. Kinda sliding them like this,” Dream continued, voice lower yet holding a soft tone to them that caused the brunet to swallow harder than he had intended.

Half of him was screaming to pull his hand away, swat Dream like a pet and laugh it off, turning back towards the dumb movie still playing in front of them, while the other half just wanted *one* touch, one moment of warmth and summer sun before having to retreat back into winter’s depths.

Not going out much had made him crave physical touch far more than he was ready to admit, and Dream was only feeding the deep desires. Platonic touch, of course.

“Then you interlock,”

Strong fingers curled against his own and George could’ve sworn he felt lightheaded at the sight of the blonde’s large hand and fingers dwarfing his own, heat covering every inch of delicate skin spreading throughout his entire body. He felt high.

“And now you’re done. Told you I’m a professional.”

Dream was still beaming, as George couldn’t rip his eyes away from their goddamn hands (he prayed his mouth wasn’t agape, because it sure as hell was mentally).

The blonde’s eyes lingered against the smaller’s frame before casually turning back towards the movie, hand still firmly intertwined with the brunet’s. It took a minute for it to set in that Dream was not planning on moving them any time soon, and George felt rooted in his spot at the notion.

His hand was *warm* and George couldn't think of a better goddamn word for them as he felt waves of summer sun wash over him in beats, the comfort of being connected with someone even on a small level had made his head fuzzy and full of odd swirls.

George shook his head, pouring his focus into the movie to true and ignore the heavy feeling against his palm, the flush running down his collarbones, the weight in his chest as he wanted to let his stiff body sink into the embrace but being unable to allow himself to even try.

Dream was his *friend* , friend's held hands sometimes, it wasn't that insane of an interaction if he could just *calm down* .

It took a few minutes of purposeful zoning out before he could focus on the movie again, wanting to keep his mind as calm as the blonde next to him. He hadn't forgotten about their situation per se, but he had been so fixated on watching he hadn't noticed anything out of the ordinary until he heard a snicker and saw aggressive one-handed typing on the other's phone.

"What are you-"

"-You should check Twitter," Dream attempted to get out through suppressed laughs. George quizzically slid his phone out of his pocket and went to Dream's profile before his face went a pale white.

@dreamwastaken

We are holding hands<3

[Attachment: 1 Image]

"*Dream!* " George yelled, causing his friend to fall into a total fit of laughter, hands still locked together albeit looser than before. In total honesty, George couldn't explain the feeling of dread falling upon him rather than fear.

Joking with Dream had always been something they'd done to make each other feel better, or just because it came with the dynamic of their friendship; something to make them smile and laugh. But there, as George sat with both his hands extremely heavy, one with the weight of the world seeing a moment he had wanted to keep hidden, all within a small object, and the other with the physical representation of that moment, a sweet soda turned sour and rotted into something akin to poison.

When Dream calmed down he noticed the dip in George's voice as he stared at the replies.

"George? Are you good?" He asked, voice *far* too soft for something as dumb as a *joke* .

Just jokes. They were *just* jokes.

George couldn't stop himself from cringing at his internal monologue.

"Yes, idiot. The replies are crazy, there are gonna be edits for days now," George responded, sinking back into his seat as Dream rested against his, smile renewed and full of contentment.

While the blonde was off in a haze of calm and comfort, the brunet couldn't shake the confusing

mix of chemicals in his brain, an almost stinging feeling where their hands were meeting combined with the inexplicable desire to squeeze and never let go.

The nausea was back, still there riddled under the dopamine pumping through his system. He stared at the happy couple now kissing on the screen in front of him, drenched in pouring rain, both looking far too blissed out to care about the world around them melting away.

George wondered if the actors had felt nausea or intense anxiety at the first brush of contact. The deep feeling within his gut told him no.

The snow had cleared enough to the point where he was able to walk across the street from his flat to Tesco, and George had wanted to take advantage of this to restock the cupboard of snacks the pair had barrelled through rather quickly.

After he had sufficiently covered himself in enough layers for the stinging cold outside, he walked to the living room to bring his best friend along for the ride, only to find Dream just barely awake, blurry eyes and hoodie ridden up, sprawled out on his couch.

He had rolled his eyes and huffed a breath, giving a soft explanation of where he was going, only to receive a muffled noise of approval from the blonde.

Inside Tesco, he had come to realize he had no clue what Dream would want him to buy. He *knew* the tall boy's favorite snacks, but he wanted his time with George to be something special, something to remember.

God, that sounded so dumb when he thought about it more.

Shaking his head he stared at the bags of chips (*crisps* , but Dream had been stubborn about what he'd been calling them) again, trying to make his brain stop running at a million miles per minute, when he felt a soft buzz against his leg. Fumbling with his phone, he saw the familiar notification and couldn't tell whether he'd calmed down or tensed up more.

From: Dream :)

Couldn't even wait until I woke up fully, such a shame

George rolled his eyes, cold hands moving quickly to type out a response.

To: Dream :)

you were tired i wasn't gonna try very hard

To: Dream :)

do you want anything in particular from the store

George hummed over the selection again, aimlessly grabbing two bags of chips he knew they both liked as he went back to check his phone.

From: Dream :)

Are you wearing my hoodie again today

George furrowed his eyebrows, confusion falling over his face.

Yes, he *was* , but that was completely besides the point. It was under a heavy coat, anyways, and he hadn't quite understood how or why Dream would ask.

To: Dream :)

why does it matter to you

From: Dream :)

It's cute

The brunet swallowed thickly, staring at the words across his screen. He'd blame the rosy pink cheeks on the icy weather outside nipping at his skin. The tension in his chest did not cease as another text came through.

From: Dream :)

And you look so small in it

George was so fucked.

He and Dream were just friends who took banter a little *too* seriously, right? Just a little something he could indulge in as a joke, something *funny* .

Well, when George was standing in the middle of a Tesco throat dry and pupils blown wide, he could find traces of every other feeling aside from humor.

To: Dream :)

you're really obsessed with that huh?

From: Dream :)

Considering how you got all flustered when I mentioned it yesterday I'd say you are too

From: Dream :)

Are you?

The positive rays of heat the warming star had brought him previously was now eating his stomach and body alive, the same licks of flames pulling up at him and swirling the thoughts in his head.

But he *didn't* like Dream. He didn't even like *guys*, so why was his stomach doing flips at every word Dream was spilling? Hanging onto each syllable like he'd die without it?

Why had he been wearing his oversized hoodie despite it definitely needing a wash and having a closet full of clean and pristine ones?

George shook his head from where he had been zoning out against the wall.

To: Dream :)

sounds like you want me to be

From: Dream :)

That's not an answer George

The thumping behind his chest only increased at the words. He could practically hear them falling from the blonde's mouth, a stupid grin on his face along with it. As he took steps towards the candy isle, he haphazardly gave a response, legs feeling weak.

To: Dream :)

i think youre stupidly tall, and its weird

George had attempted to clear his murky thoughts as best as he could, however, his feet stopped dead in his tracks and his eyes blew wide at the newest appearance on his phone.

From: Dream :)

Tall enough to pick you up like you weigh nothing. Could put you on a counter real easy

From: Dream :)

Maybe against something too

Their lines had been blurred for far longer than either truly wanted to admit. Coy comments, lewd insinuations both on and off camera, it all melded together with one another, each step into explicit desire pushing the goal posts back that much further.

The overwhelmingly warm feeling wrapping around him and deep within him had surpassed the conflicting and anxiety-inducing thoughts hitting his head with a hammer.

If fake flirting with his best friend was so bad, why did it feel so goddamn *good* ?

To: Dream :)

ive slept in it too. still smells like you, feels like you're there

From: Dream :)

If you want me there just ask

From: Dream :)

I'd do anything for you

Fire, a deep fire was building. Or rather, it had already been slowly burning away for far too long, acting as small singes against his skin at odd times in the night, or after a word being let out with far too much genuine feeling in it to pass off as playful. Now, it was a haze of euphoria and golden light, almost a blinding sense, looking up towards the sky and directly into the sun with no restraint and letting the heat and feeling consume his body and being.

To: Dream :)

anything, you say?

From: Dream :)

Anything

From: Dream :)

Only for you, George

His eyes had a much sharper focus to them as he tossed the first container of chocolate raisins in his basket and whatever other chocolate bars were close to him as he stumbled towards the self checkout, breath far quicker than he had expected it to be. The brunet felt his phone vibrate again, and his mind quickly fell at war with himself as he tried to focus on scanning through self checkout.

Half of him wanted to quickly open his phone, pour into Dream's words and let the summer rays seep into him and melt away the dull clouds and cold air, to let it swallow him and enwrap him with a deep sense of something he'd never place.

The other was screaming at him to *stop*, taking form in a sickening nausea falling far deeper than he had wanted it too, shaking his core. The overwhelming joy from the words combined with the sharp sickness and deep twisting of his insides made him want to keel over in dizzy confusion.

He gave in as he was scanning the first bag of chips, opting to pull his phone from his pocket and use one hand to unlock it and read.

From: Dream :)

I'd make you feel really good

From: Dream :)

Could keep my hoodie on too

He nearly dropped his phone against the machine as his mind read and reread each word over and over again, trying to wake himself up from whatever God forsaken dream he was in.

His whole body had been clenching together, squeezing tighter and tighter in as if walls were closing in and crushing him with the *weight of the* feelings swarming his mind and body. It was beyond overwhelming; It was truly almost painful, the two extremes pulling and yanking at him, the drive to give into the banter and continue to push back harder yet the fear and confusion at how every line made him *feel*, made him *ache*.

Sure, the words could hold platonic, or not heavy intent, being a nod to something as soft or tender as being held against each other, soft breaths on each other's necks.

George couldn't fool himself into thinking that's what Dream had meant.

As he walked out of the store, having paid for all his items yet still lost to the sea that was his innermost thoughts, the freezing air bit at him with a far harsher force that he was ready for, blinding light of summer slipping through the palms of his hands and dissipating.

I'd make you feel really good

George let his mind fall blank, and turned to walk back home, the heat in his gut still very much present, and acted as his guiding force through the heavy winter.

Dream had always been the cause of that force, hadn't he?

George was in hell. Albeit a hell of his own making, but still total hell nonetheless.

He didn't respond to Dream's text, and when he had come home, just as all their other conversations like that had, it was forgotten and never talked about.

Well, maybe forgotten to Dream, but certainly not to George.

In fact, it was all he could truly think about, and it was eating him alive with swirls of gross sticky ache.

Each glance or few moments of eye contact felt like knives carving away at his skin, eating him alive that the blonde somehow *knew* the complicated and deep rooted hesitancy deep down within him. God forbid Dream *touch* him.

Little things, like a hand on his knee or leg were shoved off and nudged away, every soft press into the small of his back to get by resulted in a flinch, each time he went in for even the smallest hug, it was dodged with some lame excuse or lackluster substitute.

George saw Dream's face fall, he saw the confusion and hurt at the sudden cold nature of his friend. He watched each time his best friend tried to give him some sort of physical contact, as it was something they wouldn't get to *do* for very much longer, the confliction in his eyes, truly not understanding what he had done to deserve the cold treatment.

He *existed*, that's what he did.

George had ever felt this way, this sea of murky emotions and numb uncertainty coursing through him, until Dream had come along and coaxed it out of him.

He wanted to blame it all on Dream, on his stupidly big body or his entirely too sincere smile, or his huge heart that always felt like it could give more and more each day, but as he lay in his bed after being locked away for the entire morning and afternoon, a tornado of reality had swept him up.

The nausea in his gut wasn't new, and it certainly wasn't a Dream exclusive thing.

That's what terrified him.

In his innermost thoughts, he could write everything off as being *Dream's* fault, his conventionally attractive and far too kind personality confusing his interpretation of platonic and romantic relationships due to the nature of their affectionate friendship. But as memories came flooding back to him he knew he couldn't blame his friend anymore.

When George was twelve, he had a best friend, pretty similar to that of Dream. Loving eyes, big heart, always very physical, it was all very eerily similar. He'd told people about their friendship, something he'd always remember far into adulthood for how much the pair had gotten through together.

The blooming warmth in his chest when they would lay on each other, the odd want to run his thin

fingers through the boy's black curls, the looks they would give each other on his trampoline late into the night covered in blankets for only the stars to see, the 'I love you's that were felt a little too hard, the storming rain that'd come over him when he'd gush about asking someone to a dance or how pretty they looked that day.

Then, the never ending twisting spiral in his chest when he had processed his emotions for just a few seconds.

Or when he was sixteen, friends with a teacher's assistant a year above him with brown square glasses and wavy blonde hair who'd use one too many pick-up lines that'd never fail to make his skin flush a deep pink, the continuous excuses he'd made to stay after class or find him in the library during any free time, the heat that enveloped every piece of him the one day he let his hand rest on his thigh, subtly strong grip that made his head go blank.

Then the urge to pour acid over the skin where he had been touched, burn every last remain of the intoxicating desire and pull he had towards the boy.

His teen years and college life had been lined with the same cycle of hope of something so pure to be allowed in. For him to accept in the *thing* he had been pushing away for so long, only for the urge to scratch his skin away until it was raw and held no more of each boy's touch.

As he sat upright, hands gripped tightly into the navy sheets of his bed, the world truly fell numb.

Hot and wet tears were falling down his face (when did he start crying?) as he let his already white knuckled hands begin to shake.

But why was he so shocked? The way he looked at Dream could never be passed off as deep friendship, or the way his words sometimes spilled over with far too much affection lacing each word.

His chest heaved as he finally recognized how *tired* he was. Tired of never being good enough for himself, tired of feeling the guilt and stomach pains each time he looked at his best friend, tired of *yearning* and *hating* himself for it.

He was tired of shutting it all in, the dam waiting to break with just one tiny push.

That final push, had seemed to be Dream himself. He'd always known it'd be him, didn't he?

The shakes in his body quickly turned into wracks as he let himself quietly sob, curling in on himself as the weight of the world both lifted from his shoulders yet collapsed on top of him at the same time.

All he could do was let his body give in, let himself ache for the inevitable broken heart that would come from his endless abyss of feelings and dread.

Of all his friends, it *had* to be Dream.

Dream with his perfect smile, laced with just the right amount of love in each pull of his lips, his big broad chest, wide enough to fall asleep on and feel enwrapped in him and his love, his warm hands that seemed to slot just perfectly against every curve of the brunet's body, his protective nature always playing up to the idea that George was *his* for the keeping, his kindness always willing to be used at any moment if even the tiniest bit of fear or sadness crossed one of his friend's faces, knowing just what to do, his ability to wind words into lengthy bubbles of comfort, even from across an ocean.

Dream who had been comfortable enough in his sexuality and friends to fake flirt with them, Dream who made George feel special and wanted during fleeting moments that were nothing more than a friendship dynamic with blurred lines.

The stirring in his gut when Dream would talk about men wasn't because they were *men* , it was because they *weren't George* .

He let a hand crawl to his face, gently brushing the tears from his red cheeks away, as he reached aimlessly for his phone in the dark room, light filling his face when he opened it.

A part of him wanted to text or call Sapnap. Maybe try to explain some of the complicated web of feelings he had been wrapped in. Despite their constant bickering, George had always felt comfortable talking to Sapnap, times when he was afraid Dream was mad at him or just wasn't awake he knew he could always go to the brunet. It was a nice relationship they had, with the play fighting on the side as well.

Although, his body was far too drained and tired to come up with replies to Sapnap's inevitable teasing about his newly discovered feelings for his ray of sunshine. More warm tears spilt over as he let himself sniffle a few times as well, trying to figure out what he could do to overcome the ocean of anxiety coursing through him at his realization of not only his attraction to men, but also his heavy feelings for his best friend.

A small knock interrupted his thoughts as his eyes shot to the door.

"C'm in," He mumbled, furiously drying his eyes with his sleeve as he saw light pour into his room and a large figure in the doorway.

"You've been in here all day so-"

Dream's voice halted as he flicked on the switch of the room's light, and the drop in his face made George *ache* .

His normally bright eyes full of joy had now been drenched in sadness upon seeing the brunet with tear-stained cheeks and shady hands. Instantly, the blonde moved towards George, sitting on his bed, eyes full of concern.

"George," He started, voice just above a whisper as his eyes dragged from the boy's clearly tired body to his glassy eyes, "Is everything alright?"

George wanted to wail again right there, the genuine care and affection seeping through Dream's eyes, wanting more than anything to reach out and hold the brunet, to take everything bad away from him, but not wanting to crowd or invade on his friend in such a vulnerable state.

The tears in his eyes replenished as he kept staring at the hopeless look in the blonde's eyes, wanting to help yet not knowing how to reach him. George noticed the taller's hands itching to move and to hold onto him, hopefully to smother him in love and shut out the rest of the world from his tiny bedroom in a bubble of warmth, but being too *afraid* to scare him off. George couldn't explain the deep ache within him at the sight of restraint for the sake of his own comfort.

His hands shook as he raised them to try and speak, eyes falling to them and feeling helpless at the never ending quivers they were producing.

"I- I just-"

"-Hey," Dream interrupted, speaking as if he were made of glass. "I'm right here, okay?"

A large hand moved just under the brunet's own as he spoke, just as delicate as his voice, still hovering and waiting for George to decide whether or not to take it. George let his pale hand down the inch it needed to, and a spark of heat spread through him instantly after having the touch he'd been craving for for so long.

He was tired of living with gloomy grey clouds, anyways.

When he looked up, Dream was smiling. The kind of smile that welcomes you into a deep sense of security and hope, the kind you wish to wake up to each morning to know that *that* person next to you loves you more than they'd loved anything else. Summer sun, warm sheets, popsicles, the beach, picnics with wire baskets, sunset dinners, Dream was all of that, and more.

"Can you tell me what's wrong, George?"

His voice continued to be quiet, as the pair both cemented their grips into each other's hands.

"Yes," George breathed out, still staring at their point of meeting.

He couldn't explain how he had felt about Dream even if he wanted to; it was a tangled ball of yarn that grew every single day, something he never knew if he'd ever truly grasp or understand. Although, that inability to explain how deep the infatuation he had for the blonde gently cradling his hand in his poorly lit bedroom was coming in handy, as he knew he wouldn't accidentally spill more than he was ready to.

George looked up again, to make sure Dream was still paying attention, and the *care* within the blonde's yellow eyes made his heart swell and his head feel light and airy. He swallowed thickly, Dream's touch quelling his shakes more than anything else could.

"I- I think that I like guys," He blurted, voice barely loud enough to be considered a murmur. The blonde's smile stayed locked in its place as his eyebrows lifted and a small huff of a laugh was let out.

"That all? Had me worried there for a minute, Georgie."

The brunet sighed out a laugh as tears built up behind his eyes, successfully clouding his vision. Dream took notice of the weight that had been lifted from the boy's shoulders as he began to shake again, his own smile becoming watery by the second.

"Hey,"

A warm hand came to rest on George's pale cheek, thumb rubbing over the tear tracks where droplets were spilling over onto with such a gentleness it made him want to cry harder. What on Earth had he done to deserve the angel that Dream was? He'd never know.

"You know I love you, right?"

George broke at that, free hand grabbing at the blonde's wrist as he continued to wipe away the rapid tears falling from his squeezed shut eyes. Each shake had become a sob, weak cries bubbling through his throat as he let himself fall apart, let himself be vulnerable in front of the person who had unintentionally *caused* all of this.

Without much warning, George fell forward into Dream's chest, and instantly warm arms wrapped around his waist and back, pulling him in so tightly the brunet firmly believed he wouldn't be able to be ripped from the boy if he tried.

George let himself cry, the boy who had always been far beyond closed off from the world, unknowing in how to intertwine his emotions with deep metaphors or words, was sobbing in his best friend's arms, painting pretty tears on his white shirt as he was held like a precious gem never to be let alone again.

Neither knew when they had fallen asleep, no more words being exchanged aside from a few broken "You're okay"s and "I'm right here"s from Dream's lips.

All George knew as he faded out of consciousness was that as long as he was in his summer's arms, nothing bad could ever truly happen to him. Not in a million years.

When they had woken up the following morning, neither mentioned the position they were in, with George laying on top of Dream's chest still clutching at his shirt, and the blonde's steady arms wrapped around his middle.

Things had gone pretty much back to normal the rest of that day, they played on a few random servers, had their daily couch time (this time watching short films on Disney+), and ate pizza they ordered for delivery now that deliveries could actually be *made* with the state of the weather. Although, there was one crucial difference.

They couldn't keep their hands off each other.

It was more Dream than anything, in full honesty. Since waking up being entangled in each other's limbs he had realized that George was okay with the physical touch they had had prior and then some beyond, and that had let the floodgates open for some sort of touch on George at almost all times. When they were on the couch if they weren't leaning on each other, Dream's hand was resting on the shorter's thigh or hand, or when they'd walk each other to their rooms at night their hands would always brush and lightly hold each other with delicate care.

As amazing as it was, it was also driving George absolutely *insane* .

He couldn't help but let his mind wander as Dream's large hand pressed against his legs, or rested on his waist, so close to where he had yearned to be held yet so far from it at the same time.

The worst of it was the night when they were watching whatever was on Cartoon Network at the time to laze the evening away, just basking in each other's presence, and George had gotten up to grab a glass for apple juice. It seemed like a simple task, but almost all of his glasses had been in the dishwasher due to having a whole other person in his flat using them up as well, so he had to resort to those in the top cabinets.

George helplessly pressed as far into the tips of his toes as he reached his hand to get the cup, only to be just shy of it each time he had tried.

Very suddenly a big warm body pressed behind him and reached over his shoulder, following the same pattern of his own arm (albeit longer) and plucking the glass from the top shelf. His mind fell blank and full of cotton as he registered Dream's chest still pressing into his back, heart thumping rapidly, arms trapping him against the counter, despite having the cup already in his grip.

“Needed some help?”

The uncharacteristic gravel in his voice made George’s knees almost buckle, as all he could muster was a soft nod in response and a meek ‘thank you’. Dream took his sweet time lingering in their position before he slowly retreated away, opening the fridge like nothing had happened to get juice.

Dream had been a confusing *mess*, and frankly, it was starting to get on George’s nerves. However, that was a problem for future George, a George that no longer had the human embodiment of a golden retriever and all things bright living with him and insistent on holding his pinky wherever they went.

The pair was in a small cafe the next day, not quite afternoon yet not quite evening, waiting in line to order. Despite Dream’s hatred of coffee, George had dragged him inside the small coffee shop after insisting they had to get the hot chocolate at least once. And in proper Dream nature, how was he going to say no to the brunet?

With their pinkies interlocked, George had finally shoved his card over after a short hassle over who would pay (Dream was very insistent), and looked up at the barista before giving a soft smile. The boy was tall, blonde curly hair framing his face and deep brown eyes behind a set of silver circle glasses; cute by any metric of human being.

“Name for the order?” He spoke, something in his eyes that sparked the brunet’s interest.

“George,” he responded, fingers drumming aimlessly as his card rested between his fingers.

“Pretty name for a pretty face.”

George’s face flushed at the sudden bluntness of the comment, face instantly becoming hot as the smooth smile from the boy behind the counter pulled further upwards. Despite the pink shade to his cheeks, George leaned in further. He had been in denial for so long, a little more harmless flirting couldn’t hurt anyone, could it? Thoughts that normally would swirl in the back corner of his mind to be shoved away now able to come to the surface.

“You’re not so bad yourself, you know.”

As the blonde’s eyes moved up, they zoned in on Dream who George had realized had tensed up immensely since the start of the conversation.

The dynamic of Dream being jealous had always been present in jokes and fake arguments between him and Quackity, but never in the *real* world. George shook his head, realizing he had to have been imagining whatever he thought was happening to Dream. Their flirting was *fake*, built upon a friendship and not a true desire for love, at least on Dream’s side. As jealous and possessive a person Dream was friendship wise, something as small as this wouldn’t mean anything to him other than a few extra minutes of waiting in the warm shop.

As George handed over his card, the boy spoke again.

“You’re pretty red, sure you don’t need another jacket to keep you warm out there?”

The blonde continued to ring him up as George felt his face burn that much redder. Idly, he thought back to Dream’s hoodie, the thing he’d been living in for days and had only taken off to put on something warmer to leave the house in. About to make a quip back, he was interrupted by a heavy voice next to him.

“I think he’s fine.”

Dream was still stiff as a board, words firm and unchanging. It was so uncharacteristic to the usual bright boy next to him, the sudden shift in demeanor and attitude. George turned to look up, his facial expression fixated on the blonde behind the counter, just barely shorter than him. The barista looked a bit taken aback at the sudden bite to the words, and was promptly cut off after trying to speak.

“I’m sorry, what-”

“I said I think he’s fine, got plenty of layers on as it is,” Dream snapped back, and the brunet promptly squeezed his pinky tighter around the taller as a silent notion to cut it out. He remained unmoving through the squeezes as the barista shook his head and finished ringing him up.

As George was handed his card back, the boy adjusted his glasses and spoke softer this time.

“I’m Ethan, by the way. Was nice meeting you.”

The smile that beamed back at him was genuine, and George suddenly felt guilty that Dream had been so rude to someone who had only harmlessly flirted with him. A sharp tug on his hand was felt before he could give much of a wave back and was pulled to the side where they’d wait for their drinks.

George’s eyebrows furrowed and he swatted away the taller’s pinky, opting to stand next to him with their upper arms touching in silence.

Dream hadn’t said a word as the ambiance of the cafe settled around them. George had taken a few breaths to brush off the odd behavior from his friend and refused to dwell on it much longer. Why should he overanalyze his friend clearly in an off mood to search for things that were reaches at best?

The attentive guard dog next to him had pretty much calmed down, energy relaxing and even a physical shift in his body to release tension.

That *was* until the call of “George!” rang through the small building, and the pair had walked to get their cups. The brunet picked his up and glanced at the extra writing along the side, digits spanning the middle of the cup and a small ‘E’ below them.

He could *feel* the yellow eyes burning into the back of his head, piercing through his hands. Before he could truly register what was happening, a large hand had circled his wrist and he was being pulled out the glass doors and an assault of cold wind flushed his face.

George had attempted to stop or slow the blonde down, but he kept barrelling through the short walk with his grip unwavering until they had reached George’s flat. Dream fumbled with the keys in his pocket and shoved them into the lock to open the door, all the while the shorter had been lightly hitting his upper arm and continuously repeating his name, each time with more urgency.

Once they had finally pushed into the flat and the door shut behind them, George let himself burst.

“What the *fuck* is your problem?”

Dream didn’t look up at him, face still firm and unmoving.

“What? There’s no problem,” He spat out sarcastically, moving the heavy coat covering his arms off and onto the chair next to him.

George's mouth fell slightly ajar and the frustration growing in his veins had begun to fully take shape. For the first time *ever* he had been comfortable enough in himself to actually flirt back with someone who had seemed interested and genuine, and Dream was throwing a tantrum for *no* reason.

If he couldn't have Dream, he was more than allowed to find someone who *did* like him.

"Bullshit! You're acting like a baby for no reason, what is wrong with you?"

Dream scoffed, a hand pulling to gesture in front of his chest.

"*Me?* What's wrong with *me*? I don't know, George, it's kinda weird to watch your best friend endlessly flirt with a guy he just met!"

The brunet took a step towards him, his own arms crossing in disbelief at the *random* burst of anger from the younger. Dream was never like this.

"You do it *all* the time? It's every other day you're talking about how hot random people in shows or at restaurants are!"

"That's different!"

"*How?*" George yelled, not realizing how close the pair had become in their anger, heat and venom falling everywhere around them with a deep cloud of toxins in its wake.

"Because this is *you* -"

"-And why am I different? After so long of shoving down everything I've finally let myself live and you had to go and throw a tantrum!"

George's strength in his voice was waning, chords becoming scratchier as he continued to yell. Behind his eyes, he felt moisture start to pool as he shoved further and further down the emotions of pain at the fact that he was in a shouting match with the person he loved most.

"Huh, Dream?" He continued, voice just as fervent as he saw something boiling behind the taller's eyes. "Why did you have to-"

"*Because it's another reminder that you're not mine!*"

George's hands fell to his side and he felt his heart rate increase by tenfold at the sheer utterance of the words, mouth agape. He let the words pound through his brain as the only sound left in the air was the pair's somewhat heavy breathing. Each syllable in perfect clarity was repeating itself over and over, the confession that Dream, *his* Dream wanted him, wanted everyone to *know* he wanted him. Mind alight with thoughts, the booming voice continued.

"You'll tell me things, or touch me, or say things to our friends, and for the *smallest* moment I can believe that just maybe you- you'd want to be with me, but then I realize that you're *not* mine, and I *see* the look in your eyes when people like that *fucking* asshole flirt with you, and it's certainly not how you look at me, but sometimes I can forget-"

The boy's rambling continued into a sea of frustrated memories wrapped into what could only be processed as a confession while George had tuned out the anger-laced words.

He should've been afraid, had fear coursing through him and the continuous desire to retreat in on himself and hide away, to hide away from all his problems and the beautiful man in front of him to

escape to a world locked away behind doors of deep set clouds and rainfall that had covered his summer sun and disavowed each memory under the blazing heat he could think of.

But George was tired of being afraid, and he was done with a life without sun.

“Shut up,” He muttered, interrupting whatever sentence Dream had continued to babble on about.

“ *What ?* I pour my heart onto a platter for you and you-”

George was on the tips of his toes, as his hands fisted into the collar of the blonde’s hoodie.

“I said shut up.”

Those were the last words he had mumbled against the tall boy’s lips before yanking him down the final inch to crash their lips together in a one sided song and dance. It only stayed that way for a few seconds though, the small dip in time where Dream seemed to be frozen in time and unknowing how to respond didn’t last very long as a firm set of hands quickly made their way to grip George’s waist as he pressed his lips back against the shorter’s.

Nights and nights of dreams and fantasies in the back of his mind about kissing the boy he now was had come back to him, and he fully took notice of the tugging on his waist and had to force his legs not to buckle.

Dream pulled away first, hastily moving to press kisses down the brunet’s jawline, inching his way towards his neck. George couldn’t help the small whimpers escaping him as he felt his legs beneath him begin to wobble, the weight of the large hands slowly moving their way down to his hips catching up with his body.

The taller took a second to pull his lips up to George’s ear, leaving a small bite on the top of it before whispering.

“Jump.”

Using the last of his strength, he leaped upwards and wrapped his legs around the boy’s middle as Dream’s arms moved to the backs of his thighs, pulling him as close he could before going back to attacking his lips, this time with more urgency.

With the sudden shift, he was able to press his tongue into the shorter’s mouth and lick into it, drawing a high whine from George which only made his face burn redder.

He truly had no ability to comprehend the inexplicable feeling of intense warmth and, despite the fiery nature of the touch, genuine love flooding his system with each movement.

Before he could process the initial movement, he felt himself placed on his kitchen counter as teeth started to prod at his neck. He had to avoid outright moaning as he turned his head down to see a head of blonde hair sucking dark, visible marks against his pale skin. One of his hands moved to wind in the waves while the other squeezed the boy’s forearm.

“Want everyone to know,” He mumbled with labored breath, licking a stripe over the red patch he had just etched onto porcelain skin. George reeled at the stimulation and words, sending heat down deep within his gut.

“Know what?” George whispered out, as he felt another mark being sucked and bitten at.

Dream pulled away, his saliva dripping down the brunet’s neck as he tore his eyes away from his

work and bore them deep into the brown ones in front of him. George couldn't hide the clear lust behind his own eyes as his eyelids fell heavy and his breath became far more labored in the thick air.

"Who you belong to."

George let himself moan at that, Dream's grip on his thighs growing tighter as the shorter gave a few pats to the man's shoulders.

"Bedroom, bedroom now," George mumbled, watching the heavy face in front of him shift into a smirk as he was lifted off the counter and back into the taller's arms.

"Of course, princess."

The brunet scoffed and playfully hit Dream's chest with one of his fists as rumbles of laughter fell around him. The same laughter that he had dreamed to be in the same room of was now entrapping him wholly in an effect of their love.

Love .

The word was still new to George, in the sense of a romantic partner, a soulmate. He'd always envisioned Dream as his soulmate, his sun brightening up the sky and turning each grey cloud fluffy and white with joy and peace.

If there was one person he'd ever admit to loving, deep down he always knew it would be Dream.

He zoned back into reality when he felt his back fall against his mattress and looked up to make eye contact with the boy pinning him to it.

"Well hey, you're pretty cute, come here often?"

A *stupid* wheeze came from the boy above him as he shoved his face away with his hand before crossing his arms.

"We are *literally* about to have sex and you have to be like this?"

The words were said with a bratty bite, but he couldn't help the intense sense of joy spread through him and hit his heart as the blonde looked back at him with so much affection lacing each movement and word. He also couldn't help the smile blooming across his own face.

His face heated up as he let what he said fully sink in, smile molding into something akin to embarrassment for how blunt he had been. George had almost moved to say something, arms squeezing where they were on the taller's broad shoulders only for the slight movement in Dream to stop him short.

A low laugh came from the blonde as one of his hands made its way around the brunet's neck, thumb pressing into one of the already bruising marks and the other toying with the top of his jeans surrounding his hips. A shudder wracked George's body as his own hands slid to the blonde's neck, before their lips met again in another kiss of haste and passion.

Dream's wandering hands sliding just past his jeans only to move back up and press circles into his hips were sending the brunet's brain for an absolute loop. Combined with the tugs against his lips and tongue trying to touch every inch of his mouth that it could, George could feel himself start to become shaky as even more whimpers started to spill over. When the taller pulled away, his pupils were dilated wide and their breath was becoming intermingled as they stayed barely a few inches

from each other.

“Can I fuck you?” Dream asked, words both gentle but with a heat to each syllable that had become an addiction to the smaller. George could only muster a nod, barely being able to breathe with the perfect boy on top of him, touching him with such languid care yet with a deep set possession that made him *reel*.

As Dream dove back in to meet their lips, a much sloppier kiss than the previous times had been, the brunet had whispered a small “off” in the fleeting moments of separation, and he felt the same large hands that had made up most of his deepest fantasies frantically move to get the denim off his body as fast as he could.

George whined, as his own hands started to tug at the taller’s pants causing a laugh to spill over from him, as he too shimmied from the constricting material.

It was only when he had fully taken in the state of undress they were in when George had realized how hard he was. Before he had time to be embarrassed at how turned on he was when he hadn’t even been touched yet, one of Dream’s hands moved to palm him through his boxers and go back to biting at his neck. The brunet’s mind was sent into a state of shutdown at the intense warmth smothering his entire body, enveloping him wholly in Dream, and *his* Dream’s touch.

“God, you’re so pretty, so so pretty.”

His own shaking hand moved to cover his mouth to keep himself somewhat composed as he continued to buck his hips upward into the touch. His wrist was grabbed and pinned next to his head as Dream’s eyes sucked him in, entrancing him into making eye contact as he spoke again.

“I wanna hear you. I wanna hear how good I make you feel,” Dream said, his eye contact alone enough to make George’s knees pull upwards and bend.

George’s breath hitched as he moved to tug at the waistband of his boxers, mouth still giving sloppy kisses from his Adam’s apple down to his collarbones.

“Can I take these off?” He mumbled, and George furiously nodded back, hissing as the cool air of the room combined with the sensation of his cock hitting his stomach. It was Dream’s turn to let out a low moan, hovering over the boy’s lips as he slowly let his hand drag to the bead of precum at his tip.

“Already so hard for me. Only for me.”

“Yes, yes, only for you, always for you, *please*,” George whined, unknowing in exactly where his babbles would continue to go before a gentle kiss was placed to his lips, effectively shutting him up. It was picnics under the sun, outdoor malls in the daytime, summer morning air with fresh linen, pancakes and syrup spreading through the house at eleven in the morning after a night under the stars, making a home in a person rather than a place, it was-

It was everything to George.

With a timid smile, a stark contrast from the filthy words coming seconds prior from his mouth, Dream spoke again.

“Where’s your lube?”

With a faint blush tinting his already flushed skin he responded.

“Bedside table, top drawer.”

George watched as the blonde reached over to rummage in the drawer and took a minute to examine the man’s arms, subtly flexing in their use of leaning over the side of the bed. He’d always admired Dream’s strength but seeing the root of it up close and personal was far more daunting than he had expected it to be; A sea of thoughts flooding his brain at once at what he could even do to the brunet with his sturdy arms all sent more desperation to his mind and gut, cock twitching at the thought.

Once the taller was back with a well-loved bottle of lube in his hand he moved up on his knees to throw the hoodie covering his chest off the side of the bed, and George had to stop himself from letting his mouth fall open right then and there. The urge to kiss every single freckle dotting his tan skin was eating him up, but the thought was shaken away as he reached his hands to the bottom of the black hoodie he was wearing.

“Wait,” Dream started, hand pushing against the brunet’s chest right between the two ‘X’s that made up the eyes of the smile. “Can you, uh, keep it on?”

For once, it was George’s turn to smirk up at the sheepish blonde (although, on the inside he was melting under the golden boy’s touch).

“Always so possessive,” He teased, as a hand gripped his hip again.

Dream hummed in response, popping open the lube and pouring some onto three of his fingers before settling between his boy’s legs.

“Have you done this before?”

George looked away with a deep red to his face at the question. He couldn’t count the amount of nights hidden away in his room in shame at the thoughts swirling within his head as he lay shaking beneath his sheets as he used his thin fingers to do as best he could. More recently, those same experiences were not laced in shame, but it was still embarrassing to admit laid out and exposed. He settled on a nod before Dream laughed and started toying with his rim, kissing his shoulders to ease the possible discomfort coming.

As he eased his first finger in, the soft presses of his lips turned to bites as George took in how much bigger Dream’s fingers were compared to his own. He had always been fascinated with their size difference, how much broader his shoulders and arms were, how thin his arms looked in comparison to the freckled and tan ones he grew to love, how he had to look up and crane his neck to fully meet the blonde’s eyes. As he felt the first finger start to move gently inside him, he let his eyes roll back at how it felt almost like two of his own.

It took a few minutes of heavy breathing and contrasting delicate kisses and harsh bites on his shoulders and collarbone before he felt a second prodding to join the first.

This time the stretch was a bit more intense, and George’s breath fell out of a pattern when Dream began scissoring his fingers, clearly trying to stretch him more than giving him direct pleasure.

George couldn’t even begin to process how he felt with the boy of his dreams whispering sweet and calming phrases as he fingered him open on the same sheets that had been soaked with the tears of believing he’d never get to bask in his bright sunlight.

Dream quickly jerked his fingers upward, moving around in an attempt to-

The shorter let out a high cry as a wave of hot pleasure jolted through him, and the hands on his

sun's shoulders tightened suddenly.

"Oh my God, there, there please," He babbled as the blonde continued to abuse the area, in the meantime slipping in a third finger which only added to the overwhelming heat building low in George's gut. His eyes had been squeezed shut during the sensory overload, but opened to see Dream looking down at him with blown out pupils and a slightly open mouth.

"I'm ready, I'm good, I need you inside of me right now," George demanded, hand moving to splay across the blonde's chest as he pulled out, drawing a short (and embarrassing, in George's opinion) whimper from him.

Dream leaned down to press another peck to the boy's lips, and the shorter savored each fleeting second of the contact. He was starting to believe he'd never get tired of the taste of popsicles under the sun and salty ocean waves.

"Do you have a condom?" He mumbled against the other's lips before stealing another kiss.

"I'm clean," George responded, perhaps a little too fast. Despite having the boy's fingers inside him just a few seconds earlier, he couldn't help the red hot blush on his face when he was actually speaking to him. "And, I wanna feel you."

The blonde's face flushed at that, brain seeming to shut down for a few seconds before letting out a broken and meek "okay" in response.

Dream quickly pulled his boxers down and quickly wrapped his hand around his length, aching from the lack of touch, using precum for lube, and pumped his already hard cock a few times. George in the back of his mind realized this was the first stimulation he had received all night, but was too focused on how huge the blonde was.

"Jesus fucking *Christ*, Dream," George moaned, flinging an arm to cover his eyes as his mind raced with thoughts that all somehow fell along the lines of feeling entirely full and surrounded by Dream's warmth, his aura, his *everything*.

A laugh came from the blonde as the cap to the lube was opened and closed again, breath falling heavy to the brunet's ears. A sharp bite to the inside of his thigh forced his hands to pull to the sheets next to him, curling in as more dark marks were sucked into his skin. The overwhelming sensation of euphoria was crashing over him as he glanced down to see the marks already blooming across the skin the rest of the world would never get to see. Something about that made his head spin harder, knowing that *Dream* was giving him the purple and red flowers on his thighs that only he'd get to see, but always know are there.

"Mine."

It was so faint George had almost missed it, but he felt his legs shake when he did. The sensation of simply being with the blonde in such an emotional state could almost make up for his aching cock helplessly leaking against his stomach and the end of the black fabric clinging to him.

"Dream," George whined, hands tugging at the roots of the blonde waves between his legs, "*Please*."

Reluctantly it seemed, Dream pulled away from the boy's thighs, still keeping them in a firm grip with his hands as he pulled his head up to meet their lips in a sloppy open mouthed kiss.

"Can you ride me, baby?"

A shudder wracked George's body as he helplessly nodded, so far gone under the blonde's touch it seemed as though he would do anything, do anything for the boy he'd been in love with for far too long yet too afraid to admit or accept the beautiful creation blooming between them.

Some would describe the words and exchanges as sinful, something dripping in poison, but to them, it was golden clouds and silver rainfall on a summer's eve, a beautiful melody played together to create something neither wanted to run from again.

Dream manhandled George to be straddling his legs as he sat upright, firm placement on the boy's petite frame remaining constant.

The brunet dripped a last bit of lube onto his fingers as he lathered Dream's cock, relishing in the blissed out expression on the taller's face as he languidly moved. After a few seconds of adjusting, George took hold of the base and slowly lowered himself down.

He didn't think anything could prepare him for the intensity of the feeling, slowly sinking down onto Dream's length, stopping every few inches out of breath from the sheer feeling of being so, so full.

When their hips finally met, the pair moaned in unison, the fingers against his hips pressing so hard (he'd hoped they'd leave bruises in their wake) to help Dream keep from thrusting up into the boy like an animal.

"Holy shit, how are you so tight?" Dream breathed out, head thrown back and breath labored at the warmth of George's walls around him. Strings of moans and whimpers fell from the brunet as he took a minute to adjust to the boy's full size, before slowly starting to move his hips up and down against Dream beneath him.

The burn of the stretch began to fade away as he rocked against Dream, low groans coming from the blonde's throat with each movement. George was far too blissed out to make any specific noises, and couldn't control the speed of his bounces as Dream began to spew more filth.

"You feel so good, such a good boy for me, all for me."

The brunet whined at that, moving roughly at the praise and the feeling of his mind melting away into a state of euphoria.

"You like that? Wanna be my good boy, George?"

His eyes had squeezed shut as he tried to rock against his prostate, but they snapped open as he was pulled down on Dream's cock, his hips thrusting up to meet him as well.

"Look at me, tell me you wanna be my good boy."

Dream continued to thrust hard up into him, causing the brunet's legs to shake as he felt the sting of tears in the back of his eyes with each hit to his prostate.

"I wanna be your good boy, your good boy, all for you Dream," George babbled out, letting the blonde beneath him continue to use his body even from the position they were in. Dream shakily brought a hand to his face and brushed his bangs out of his eyes, the sound of skin slapping together being the only sound either of them could hear.

The taller quickly flipped the pair over, pinning George to the bed as he was before and gripping the backs of his thighs before starting to mercilessly pound into him, loud whines and moans falling from both of their lips.

“That’s right, all mine, no one else’s, only I can see you like this, only I can make you feel this good.”

George was only able to moan in response, the new angle hitting him far deeper and with much more accuracy than before. He felt totally helpless under the blonde’s strong arms and grip, each thrust in sending his head further spiralling into an ocean of heat and sun taking the form of sweat dripping down his skin, hands still with black fabric falling just passed his palm.

Dream’s eyes fell downwards and a loud groan caused his thrusts to falter for a second. The noise sparked George’s interest, and as he moved his eyes down, he too moaned outright at the sight. One of Dream’s hands slid their way to the small bump on the lower half of his stomach as they both watched in awe at the disappearing and reappearing bulge against George’s skin.

“Small body can’t even handle the size of my cock, it bulges right out of you, huh?”
He encircled the wrist of one of the brunet’s hands, bringing it down to where the bump was and pressing him against it, before making direct eye contact.

“Can you feel me, baby?”

George crashed their lips together in a heated open mouthed kiss, as Dream sped up the speed of his thrusts, moving his grip back onto the bottom of bruise-covered thighs. After a few more hits to his prostate, George felt the pooling deep in his stomach and the stars surrounding his head growing to their peak, and had to pull away from the blonde’s mouth to ask.

“M’ gonna cum, please touch me?”

And with the big doe eyes George was looking at him with, who was Dream to deny him?

“Tell me who you belong to, tell me, George.”

A possessive and jealous man, that’s who.

As a tan hand ghosted over his neglected and weeping cock, the brunet had let all his pride slip away and unabashedly cried into Dream’s mouth, each word of truth spilling out and over in the haze of euphoria clouding his brain from his usual restraint.

“ *You* , you Dream, it’s always been you, I’m yours, I-I *love* you, Dream, I-”

George couldn’t formulate words as he felt sharp tugs against his cock, and coupled with Dream’s cock ramming against his prostate, it only took a few seconds for him to spill over onto his stomach and the blonde’s hoodie sticking to his body. It was easily the best pleasure he had experienced in his lifetime, the endorphins flooding his system completely fogging his mind from anything aside from the continuous mantra of “Dream, Dream, Dream, Dream,”.

Dream continued to fuck him through and past his orgasm, only releasing his cock from his grip when he had to grip onto the boy’s hips for stability. The overstimulation of being fucked far past what his body was telling him had caused his entire body to shake more violently than it had before, causing the blonde to begin to pull out.

“No!” George meekly cried, legs wrapping around his waist and pulling him back inside. “Inside, please, I wanna feel you cum inside me.”

Dream outright moaned at that, meeting their mouths in a lust filled haze before their eyes met again, the true and deep *love* outweighing the sex-filled air surrounding them.

“Shit, George.”

Without much of a warning, he built his pace back up to where he was, George’s shaking body producing whine after whimper with each slam into him, Dream chasing his own pleasure as fast as he could.

“Close, close,” He whispered, continuing to bruise his hips with his grip as he had buried his head in the brunet’s shoulder.

“Make me feel so good, Dream, only you, love the feeling of you fucking into me,” George had started to babble, noticing the reaction it had given to the blonde and the way his cock twitched inside of him with each word.

“No one could make me feel better, you make me feel so good. Make me feel stuffed full.”

The thrusts became sloppier and less well timed, and George tightened around the younger’s length as much as he could before whispering one final thing to his ear.

“ *Please* , cum inside me, make me yours, Dream.”

With that, the blonde was spilling inside of the brunet, almost causing him to see white at the sensation of him fucking his cum deep into him through his orgasm. Just as his high faded, he wrapped his arms around George’s middle and pulled him as close as he could, breath and heartbeats molding together.

The room smelled of sex and the only sound was the faint hum of the heater warming the apartment from the frigid cold outside, yet there, with a heavy blonde on top of him, cum covering his stomach and thighs, he felt more at home than he had in what seemed like years.

Dream pulled away, leaning up on his arms and brushing brown bangs out of the chocolate eyes he had always stared at so fondly. George couldn’t help the soft and sincere smile falling upon his features with each breath from the boy above him.

The boy who had treated him like a prince, who had always wanted to love him even when he couldn’t say it, who was the sunlight and brightened each and every one of his days even when there was a cruel ocean to divide them, who was sweet melted sugar caramelizing against his lips with each touch, who had always pushed away winter to make room for a beautiful light to come replace it, who *loved* him so much he wanted the whole world to know it so they’d never lay a hand on him.

George also couldn’t help the tears building behind his eyes.

With a soft kiss to his lips, Dream had pulled himself out of the brunet, sitting back on his legs to stare at his cum spilling over and onto his inner thighs. He slyly pressed his thumb against George’s hole and pushed some back in, resulting in a shudder and whimper from him, already fucked out and oversensitive. Dream mumbled a soft “I’ll be right back” against his lips before getting up and out of the room.

While staring at the ceiling, it had hit George exactly what had just happened between the pair, and the words that had slipped out during his vulnerable state.

He *knew* he loved Dream, he loved everything about the tall boy down to the way he looked at him with such light in his features, pure unfiltered love written in his eyes and swirling around each letter.

When the door creaked open again, he hadn't realized he had hot tears streaming down his cheeks.

"George? George, baby, what's the matter? Are you okay? Did I do something?"

The urgency and care in his voice made him want to cry harder, as the blonde looked in such distress at him as he cried. A watery smile fell across his features as he cupped the face of the boy in front of him.

"It- It's happy tears, I promise," George responded, quickly watching the fear drain from his sun's face with each passing word. Dream dropped the things he was carrying onto the bed next to him, as he gently grazed one hand over the brunet's waist and the other up to his cheek.

"I love you so much George," He whispered out. George choked, hating the feeling of his throat closing, but being unable to help it as he fell in love with the sunshine, with *Dream*, in front of him. He'd fall a million times over if it meant Dream would continue to look at him like he'd created the stars.

"I love you too, Dream."

The taller's own eyes began to shine with a glaze of affection-filled tears, as he pressed their lips together into a beautiful kiss, one filled with delicacy and hope, and the idea of a future written between each movement.

They only pulled away when Dream reached towards the pile of stuff he brought in, and handed George two ibuprofen and a bottle of water before reaching for the damp cloth. It was then that the brunet had realized he could barely move, limbs filled with lead and burning with the heat of what the pair had just done.

The gentle touches against his skin with the washcloth had made him want to cry even more, as Dream wiped off him first and then moved onto himself only after George was completely clean.

He then moved to grab the hem of the now ruined hoodie, only for the brunet to stop him first. Dream rolled his eyes gesturing to the big navy blue bundle next to him.

"I have you a clean one, I don't want you sleeping in cum-stained clothes," Dream said softly, George's tired eyes lighting up at the idea of a new hoodie as he raised his arms up. He had a feeling he'd be getting a lot more, too.

Dream quickly tugged the fabric off of him and onto the heap of clothes on the floor next to the bed and slid the new one down his arms. The groggy feeling in George's mind was superseded by the intense affection and love with each of Dream's touches, his fingers gently trailing over sensitive marks before throwing on the shirt and new boxers for each of them over their bodies. One finished, he collapsed into a pile behind George, arms encircling the shorter boy's waist in a tender hold, nose nuzzling into the back of his neck.

George's heart stuttered as he could feel Dream's hot breath on his shoulder. All fell silent as the pair basked in each other's aromas and beings, and he was far too weary to feel anything other than the intense passion he felt burrowing deep beneath his skin, shooing away any grey skies that could have possibly been left.

"Does this mean I can make you mine?" Dream mumbled, arms tightening in their hold, as George sighed, an arm reaching backward to tangle in his golden boy's hair.

"You already have, Dream," came the response, murmured through the clouds of post-orgasm haze, yet coming from the same place in his heart from where the light had first taken shape.

“You always have.”

“*Sapnap!* Stop killing me! We ended like, five minutes ago!” George whined into his headset, frantically running through the now destroyed world as the kill command was being continuously used on him.

“Sapnap, come on leave him alone,” Dream managed to get through wheezes, a faint desk slam also being heard through his microphone.

“Oh my *God*, stop defending your boyfriend all the damn time, *he* started it!”

A laugh was drawn from George’s own mouth as he heard the clacking of Dream’s keyboard signifying he was probably going to take away Sapnap’s privileges for misbehavior. Sure enough, a groan fell from their friend’s mouth as he fell to his death from his position in the sky, causing an even harder laugh from the couple at the bickering.

“I literally *live* with you, and yet I still manage to third wheel all the damn time.”

The comment stung a bit, George knowing he’d probably not be able to move to live with his partner and best friend until early June due to complications with coming to the United States and getting his Visa, but in all honesty, the very idea of one day being able to live there was more important than any temporary digs they could make.

“I’m leaving you two alone, I need to eat desperately. Don’t do anything gross while I’m gone,” Sapnap finally retorted, logging out of the world as he spoke. Dream snorted as a loud clunk was heard on his end (George assumed it was one of his fidget items, he’d grown used to the sound).

“Actually, me and George are just gonna have raging Discord sex in this VC any of our friends could join at any moment while you’re gone.”

“*Dream!*” George scolded, face burning on his end, as Sapnap grumbled a goodbye and quickly left the call. Dream continued to laugh as the air quieted down, settling into the familiar endearing energy they had grown accustomed to since Dream had left in January.

“That got him to leave,” The blonde mumbled, voice sending waves of warmth around him. George stared at the ends of Dream’s hoodie, falling past his hands on his desk.

Something else was in the air that George couldn’t quite place, but before he could process it, Dream continued talking.

“I actually have something I need to show you.”

George let his eyebrows raise, pulling his leg up to his chest in his chair.

“What is it?”

Dream went quiet, as George started to smile. He always loved his boyfriend’s antics, no matter what they were. His phone had buzzed a few times against his desk, and his hand moved to glance at it seeing two attachments from Dream.

His eyes fell wide as he stared at what he soon recognized to be flight receipts.

“You’re supposed to get your visa confirmed in, like, a month, so I wanted to be with you until you can come home.”

George’s mouth fell open as his eyes read and reread the email screenshots.

“Dream,” He said, voice full of love, and hope, and the promises of a warm sun.

“It’s not really home here without you, anyways.”

George looked up at Dream’s icon, smile clearly written on his boy’s face.

If there was anything that Dream had taught him, it was his definition of home. And gradually he had started to realize that he found more home, more comfort within people than any place could.

George smiled, the ache and pain from the hopeless and desolate winter he had had melted away along with the snow, dissipating into the atmosphere.

His comfort had always come from the dreams and hopes of what sunshine could bring, but this time, he was starting to believe that summer sun was no longer a dream, and now a golden promise that was sworn to be fulfilled in it’s entire beauty.

End Notes

a comm for a friend :) soup was amazing to work with, and i loved it so much i got very carried away, haha!

thank you for 400 user subs, btw <3

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